

That could haue better sowed then *Philomel*.
Oh had the monster scene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
Whic h that sweet tongue hath made:
He would haue dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,
What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery.

Exeunt

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Iudges and Senators with Titus two sonnes bound,
passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going
before pleading.

Ti. Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pittie of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept:
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,
For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,
And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whose soules is not corrupted as 'tis thought:
For two and twenty sonnes I neuer wept,
Because they died in honours lofty bed.

Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.
For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepe languor, and my toiles sad teares:
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite.
My sonnes sweet blood, will make it thame and blusht:
O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine
That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres
In summers drought: Ile drop vpon thee still,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood.

Exeunt

Enter *Lucius*, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vnbide my sonnes, reuerie the doome of death,
And let me say (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preuailing Oratours.

Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.

Ti. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.

Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake.

Ti. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me: oh if they did heare
They would not pittie me.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.

Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
A stone is as soft waxe,
Tribunes more hard then stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?
Lu. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounc'd
My euerslasting doome of banishment.

Ti. O happy man, they haue befriended thee:
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceiue
That Rome is but a wilderness of Tigers?
Tigers must pray, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these deuourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter *Marcus* and *Lavinia*.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:
I bring confuming sorrow to thine age.

Ti. Will it consume me? Let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Ti. Why *Marcus* so she is.

Luc. Aye me this obiekt kills me.

Ti. Faint-hearted boy, arise and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lavinia*, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handlelesse in thy Fathers sight?
What fool hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineeth bounds:
Giue me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine;
And they haue our'd this woe,
In feeding life:

In bootlesse prayer haue they bene held vp,
And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse vse.
Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:
'Tis well *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine.

Luci. Speake gentle sister, who hath martyrd thee?

Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hopew cage,
Where like a sweet melodius bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchanting euery eare.

Luci. Oh say thou for her,

Who hath done this deed?

Mar. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deere
That hath receiued some vnrecuring wound.

Ti. It was my Deere,
And he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one vpon a Rocke,
Inuiron'd with a wilderness of Sea.
Who markes the waxing tide,
Grow waue by waue,

Expecting

Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone:
Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,
Is deere *Lavinia*, deere then my soule.
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me. What shall I doe?
Now I behold thy liuely body so?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyrd thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered.

Mar. Perchance she weepes because they kil'd her
husband,

Perchance because she knowes him innocent.
Ti. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Because the law hath tane reuenge on them.
Nay, they would not doe so foule a deede,
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.

Gentle *Lavinia* let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signes how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheekes
How they are stain'd in meadowes, yet not dry
With miery slime left on them by a flood:

And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shewes
Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?
What shall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues
Plot some deuise of further miseries
To make vs wondred at in time to come.

Lu. Sweet Father cease your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
Mar. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine
eyes.

Ti. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man hast drown'd it with thine owne.

Lu. Ah my *Lavinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.

Ti. Marke *Marcus* marke, I vnderstand her signes,
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can do no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a sympathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from blisse,

Enter *Aron* the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the King: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliue,
And that shall be the ranfome for their fault.

Ti. Oh gracious Emperour
Did euer Raue sing so li
That giues sweet tydings
With all my heart, I le
Good *Aron* wilt thou he

Lu. Stay Father, for
That hath throwne down
Shall not be sent: my ha
My youth can better spa
And therefore mine shall

Mar. Which of your
And rear'd aloft the bloo
Writing destruction on t
Oh none of both but are
My hand hath bin but id
To ranfome my two neph
Then haue I kept it to a v

Moore. Nay come ag
For feare they die before

Mar. My hand shal

Lu. By heauen it shal

Ti. Sirs striue no mo

Are meete for plucking v

Lu. Sweet Father, if I

Let me redeeme my brot

Mar. And for our fat

Now let me shew a brot

Ti. Agree betweene y

Lu. Then Ile goe fere

Mar. But I will vse th

Ti. Come hither *Aron*

Lend me thy hand, and I

Moore. If that be cal

And neuer whilst I liue d

But Ile deceiue you in an

And that you'll say ere hal

He com

Enter *Lucius*

Ti. Now stay you st
Good *Aron* giue his Maie
Tell him, it was a hand th
From thousand dangers
More hath it merited: Th
As for for my sonnes, say
As iewels purchast at an
And yet deere too, becau

Aron. I goe *Andronic*
Looke by and by to haue
Their heads I meane: Oh
Doth fat me with the ver
Let fooler doe good, and
Aron will haue his soule

Ti. O heere I lift this
And bow this feeble ruin
If any power pitties wret
To that I call: what wilt
Doe then deare heart, for
Or with our sighs weele b
And staine the Sun with f
When they do hug him in

Mar. Oh brother spe

And do not breake into th

Ti. Is not my sorrow